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Trees

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Notes on a Weed Show in Pasadena

PIETER N. SMOOR

A non-impressive bungalow like hundreds of others made distinctive with a yellow door . . . inside all chairs and personal bric-brac being removed, left ample space and the sensation of entering a Japanese room, where the floor becomes an important visual unit . . . Many little rooms leave the surprise element of possibilities of further discovery.

The weeds . . . the most well-behaved weeds you ever saw, and their names wild buckwheat, wild black sage, grease wood, everlasting and doveweed seemed misnomers.

Most people seemed as ignorant of the various types of weeds there as I did, which put me rather at ease, as long as I stayed out of the way of the misses Amy and May, and possibly the fellow who placed the little white cards next to each entry . . . of course what is the use being wild and a weed, and being catalogued at the same time.

I recognized only one weed without looking at the card, and that consisted of long strings of bermuda grass, especially attracting my attention as they enlivened the glowing surface of one of the well known gold-lustre Holland crystal ballvases.

Oh yes, another acquaintance, but browner than usually tolerated, a rice plant leaf, arranged into a wall-bouquet by Clare Cronenwert, feathery wheatspray against the

brown leaf, held together with a glorious French bow of shiny dark-brown oilcloth, very dignified and very sophisticated.

The 1937 angle on womanhood—a gourd, neck and all, becomes a woman's face, at the modern angle a rice-plant leaf, feathery wheat, the hat.

Drooping grasses and high grasses silhouette in a tower of thick crystal on a square pedestal of mahogany, and for the fun a crystal rooster and hen to bring in the Marie Antoinette peasant motif, and then I read the card, which told me that Norman Edwards did that one.

In another room I noticed the possibilities of color with weed arrangements. . . . Richard Allen, another acquaintance of many San Diegos, brought in a naive looking yellow faun, and yellow leaves, to prove that weed shows need not be brown studies . . . I also met a recent acquaintance of mine—turkish carpeting, a creeping plant of lavender rose flowers of the finest quality nicely laid in an oval bowl with a lining of the same colour glaze . . . most effective and of everlasting joy.

Wild wheat seemed to be all over the place . . . I found it stuck in between an arrangement of three rocks, whose sharp contour and weathered brown surface made me think of the large mountains of

which these small pieces once were a part, and of the far away places where humanity has not yet laid its organising hand on wild nature. I considered it as the most appropriate weed arrangement there.

Its opposite is the dovewheat, which is such a refined wild wheat. Its color and forms made me think of such refinements as small roses. Writing these notes I am trying to recapture the visual fragrance of a flat branch of small grey white flowers and leaves placed in silhouette against a yellow copper plate, and to bring the two colors to focus, a crackle glaze figure of a demure little fellow with a yellow face and white cap and cassock.

I saw an ordinary Mexican glass dish, and growing out of it in its own peculiar, vertical way of growing, an ordinary gopher-plant an almost human study of continuous striving to reach the sky, and at the same time bending every leaf down to earth.

A study in light and dark wood-colors of a wooden St. Francis walking among cattails and just leaving a large portal of carved wood background, looked to me like the House and Garden Shop, and it was.

Perhaps loveliest of all, and a picture that will persist when all the others have been plunged into the opaque sea of my unconscious—a little dark blue angel on a bed of dark blue bird seeds in a lightblue pottery platter under a leafless branch that seemed to use its spread of twelve inches most effectively and made the smile on the blue fellow's face most convincing.

Our Hot Autumn Days . . .

By DEAN BLAKE, METEOROLOGIST

Of the 82 days with a maximum temperature of 90 degrees or higher in San Diego since 1872, 31 occurred in September, 19 in October and 5 in November. The balance were distributed over the rest of the year as follows: March 3, April 4, May 3, June 9, July 3 and August 5.

This decided preponderance of hot days in the fall months, (67% occurring between September 1 and November 30), has its causes in the high and low pressure systems of far western United States and the Pacific Ocean to the west, and, although somewhat involved, a brief explanation may be of interest.

Winds always blow from a region of high to a region of low barometric pressure, its force being dependent upon the horizontal rate of change in the pressure—the greater the difference, the stronger the wind as a rule. It is an axiom that air expands when heated, and contracts when cooled, so, where temperatures are high, the barometer is usually low, and where they are low, the barometer is usually high. Moreover, descending air heats as it becomes compressed, and rising air cools as it expands, the rate being about 1 degree F. for each 167 feet change in elevation.

In our ever-changing atmosphere, especially during the autumn, it frequently happens that an area of high barometer forms or over-spreads the Great Basin or the Plateau region, with relatively low readings at the same time over southern California, or off its coast. As a result of this distribution, we have a descending air mass from the east, which reaches us very dry and very warm. It is dry because the warmer the air, the greater its capacity for moisture; it is warm, because as it descends it is compressed.

Excepting freezes, these hot, dry spells are more discouraging, and often more disastrous to those interested in gardening than any other kind of weather. Too often they

are attended by strong winds, the desiccating effects and full force of which are felt less near the coast than in the mountains and valleys. In southern California these winds are known as "Santa Anas" or "desert winds."

Not only growers, but people in all walks of life have a wholesome respect for them, and their extremely low humidity, or small water vapor content, makes their advent in the fall the beginning of the real fire season. The chief factor in the spread of fires is the humidity; if it is low the blaze becomes uncontrollable. There is little danger of a major conflagration when the air is moist, even if the wind is strong and the temperature high.

In San Diego relative humidity readings as low as 3 percent have been observed during one of these hot spells, and percentages between 10 and 20 have frequently been recorded. Naturally with such abnormally low values evaporation is correspondingly large, and brush and trees become as tinder.

Fortunately, San Diego County is so protected by mountains that we rarely feel the full force of these unwelcome visitations, but in other parts of southern California they are a real scourge—the one unpleasant feature of an otherwise superb climate.

Did you see the article on our own Kate Sessions in the October number of the *Sunset* magazine titled, "Sunset Salutes Them?" Miss Sessions is honored along with John McLaren and several others—all over 80—who are renowned and still active gardeners.

The picture accompanying the write-up does not do Miss Sessions justice but she is always too busy working with plants to have time for photographers. My guess is that the shrub in the background is a *Ceanothus cyaneus*, a native of San Diego County, one of the plants Miss Sessions introduced to cultivation.

Trees

By K. O. SESSIONS

A specimen tree of a large growing variety is desirable for every home anticipating in its development to make an out-of-doors living room. Its location is very important, and must be carefully considered and not too near the house or out buildings. Its spread will be at least 25 to 40 feet. One should investigate the tree that is desired about the city that may be 10 to 20 years old.

When the tree is planted a good stake 2x2 and at least 10 feet long should be placed on the leeward side so the tree will lean or be blown against the stake and not away from the stake. Nearly every tree in this city, especially all the highway trees are staked wrong.

The tree must be trained to develop one central and erect stem. Its rapid growth will depend first on the quality of the soil and the best of drainage beneath the roots. This is more important than the quality of the soil. Large growing trees are best planted when very small to insure a more perfect root system. If the drainage possibilities are poor they must be corrected by making the hole large and deep and rocks in the bottom to assist in better drainage—3 to 5 feet deep depending on the soil conditions. Use of bean straw generously mixed with the soil about the tree in filling in and also well packed and tamped to make the loose soil firm against the ball of earth with the tree being planted.

As the tree grows keep all its branches but frequently nip the tip ends off which checks the growth in the branches and pushes the one main and central stem upwards. A specimen tree needs a fine central stem. When the tree has a good heavy stem some of the lower branches only can be cut off clean against the trunk or main stem, but in final development the branches at about 6 feet can be retained. Trees grow with their many leaves as well as they do with their many roots.

Large growing trees suitable for shade and are evergreen that fill

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GARDEN STROLLS WITH THE EDITOR

Chrysanthemum time is with us which is a reminder that Thanksgiving is not far away. Something about the mum which makes it the ideal late fall flower. Its brilliant colorings and pungent, spicy odor really are in keeping with these brisk fall days.

Are you familiar with the wealth of new varieties of this flower that are available now or are you dividing and resetting the same old ones year after year. If you are, you are missing a garden treat. Mums as a group are particularly easy to grow, they bloom a long time and make ideal cut flowers so it will pay you to look out for some of the wonderful new kinds. One catalog I saw listed 162 varieties. A pompon that caught my eye was Chicago Pearl, described, "like balls of snow." Next year I'm going to grow some chrysanthemums for cascades, too. Did you ever see those out at the Robinson Begonia Gardens. Took my friend Alfred Hottes (who was then garden editor of *Better Homes & Gardens*) out to see Mr. Robinson one day and he patiently described the method of growing pendant mums. Ever since I have wanted to try the method.

Speaking of cascade effects reminds me, "Have you seen the new trailing rosemary?" Its silver-grey foliage and pale blue flowers give a soft cascade effect when used on a sunny slope or to trail over a rock wall. It has a delightful fragrance of foliage and flowers and my guess is that it will soon be popular.

To me a plant with pungent foliage always has added appeal. I usually try to place them in the garden at the turn of a path or some place where they will be brushed against or where the leaf can be picked and crushed in the fingers. *Myrtus communis*, *diosma* and *lemon verberna* are three plants which should always be within easy reach.

November is the time to consider the lilies. Bulbs of the Japanese and other types are ready November 15th and why don't you try some this year? Some types such as *Lilium rubrum* make excellent cut flowers as well as garden subjects.

Lilies look their best against a tall background of green.

See you at the Chrysanthemum show October 30 and 31st in the Arthur Marston garden.

This Month in California Garden

Mrs. Imogene Bishop Walker writes us some interesting things about Mexico. She and her husband Dr. Franklin D. Walker of the State College faculty spent the summer in Mexico City and sent back such glowing accounts of their auto trips to various parts of the country that I felt we should hear more about them.

Mr. Dean Blake continues his articles on everyone's favorite subject, the weather. He also tells me he will be glad to answer any questions through these pages that you might have regarding this important subject.

Mrs. Carolyn Ladd Lukehart writes the November notes.

Our faithful contributors are of course here too: Miss Sessions, Bertha M. Thomas and Coralinn B. Tuttle.

Reginald Hall tells us how to prune our shrubs and Pieter Smoor tells us about weeds. Any gardener knows plenty about weeds but these are weeds of a different sort.

Gourds

The International Gourd Society held its annual fall festival in Los Angeles October 16 and 17. The exhibition proved once more that these fantastically shaped "cucurbits" are growing more popular each year. Their typical fall colorings and their suggestion of harvest time make them ideal for arrangements. And they have their utilitarian aspect too, some types being used for dippers, hanging baskets, birds' nests and a number of other odd uses.

With all cut flowers: Change the water every day. Remove all leaves which will be immersed in water. Use sharp instruments when cutting, and make a long slanting cut.

ROLAND HOYT ON THE SMALL GARDEN

At the October meeting Mr. Roland Hoyt, noted landscape architect gave a very entertaining talk on the small garden. He approached the subject not in the orthodox manner but more in the form of a seminar giving more of the side-lights of the subject of design as observed most particularly in our gardens during the recent garden contest, Mr. Hoyt serving as one of the judges in this competition.

"The term design," Mr. Hoyt says, "is best thought of as 'to designate.'" First we have the thought, then a picture on paper and finally an accomplished fact. So it is in the garden. You may think a garden just happens, few do. Always someone has given thought to the layout, good or bad, better doubtless if done on paper, but in any event done on the ground in sticks and stones and growing plants."

Continuing Mr. Hoyt says, "Now, one of the first concepts of a garden, especially the small garden, is that of a retreat, a refuge from the cares of the outside, a sanctuary, so to speak." Mr. Hoyt took exception to the too general term "outdoor living room" saying the garden is something more than just a continuation of the house. We have our living quarters inside and while we may sojourn in the garden too let's just call it a garden.

Of the time-honored and fundamental precepts underlying garden structure Mr. Hoyt just touched: "We all know of the formal and naturalistic as styles or modes, but few realize that a combination of the two is frequently quite desirable and especially in relating the garden to the house. A terrace of French windows, a long axis from an important door or window may lead somewhere to a permanent stopping-place and become so involved with the naturalistic portions as to bring about a more complete whole—house and garden. Woven into this are the principles of unity — oneness —, coherence (does it hang together—, transition (does the eye go from one part to (Continued on Page 7)

Mexican Love Flowers . . .

By DR. IMOGENE BISHOP WALKER

If love of flowers is an evidence of civilization, and I often think it is, the Mexicans are, as a race, more civilized than the Americans. Or if it is a sign of a child-like naivete, they are more naive than we. But whatever it indicates, I am sure that the Mexican love of flowers puts the great American public to shame. By wretched hovels up on the mountains there are huge trumpet flower trees; by filthy little shacks lower on the mountains are magnificent flamboyant trees and gaudy birds of paradise; at the doorways of bush, bamboo, or agave leaf huts in the tropics are begonias and ferns; even in the patios of what we would call tenements in the heart of the poorer sections of Mexico City there are geraniums, begonias, and of course, the inevitable cages of blue, red, grey, brown, and yellow birds. But most poignant evidence of the Mexican's love of flowers are the little—not bouquets—fistfuls of half wilted blossoms laid on the altar rail of the church in some tiny village. The Indiano may not, usually does not, have the ten centavos to buy a little silver image to pin to the garments of the Virgin, but he can find a few flowers, and these he offers with as much love and reverence as though his gift were a gold candelabra. He is quite sure that Guadalupe loves flowers even as he does.

But it is not only the peon, who can grow his flowers or go out into the fields to pick them, who loves bright blooms. As I went to the near-by big market in the mornings, almost every *creada* I met had a bunch of flowers in her basket along with her chilis, avocados, corn, peas, beans, and the rest of the crisp fresh vegetables and warm, sun ripened fruits she buys each day. And when I arrived at one of the innumerable flower stands in the market, likely enough I stood in line to be waited on—but that's an advantage, for then I had a chance to decide whether it should be shasta daisies, montbre-

sias, centaureas, sweet sultans, dahlias, roses (just old fashioned, full blown roses such as our grandmothers loved), gladiolus, carnations, or tigridias. I usually bought the last, for, despite the fact that they lasted only a few hours, ten centavos was not too much to pay for the beauty of a dozen and a half perfect, scarlet blooms in a mahogany colored vase set on the dark colonial commode. Or if I didn't happen to go to market in the morning and needed fresh flowers, I kept my ears half open for the sound of "Flores, flores." When I heard it, I stuck my head out of the window and shouted to the man below, bending under an enormous basket of gay flowers that bobbed delightfully with each step. In a second flowers, basket, and man were at my apartment door—and I as usual, bought twice as many flowers as I had containers or places for, just as I had a few days earlier when I was unable to resist the gay flower displays of the vendors who line the highways just at the edge of the city. The most of these flowers come in from the floating gardens at Xochimilco, where one can buy armfuls of "clove flowers" (carnations), enough violets to fill a mixing bowl, or bunches of pansies as big as a bridal bouquet for twenty-five centavos—or less if he has the heart to bargain.

In contrast to the small flower stalls in the markets are the block long stands where enormous funeral pieces are made and displayed—and enormous is really the word to use, for most of them are the size of an archer's target, and, before they are covered with flowers, they look very much like a target. The scheme is always the same: a fringe of black-green cypress around the outside, then alternate rows of violets and gardenias (or perhaps white hydrangias or white roses), and in the center a cross or anchor or heart of those deep purple violets on a background of

white gardenias. Never is there a third color.

The gardenias are brought up to Mexico City from the country around Cordoba, about two hundred miles east on the mainline to Vera Cruz. Cordoba is indeed the place to go for the flower lover—but he will come away feeling a bit cheated that he can't have at home all the glorious blooms that may be had there for a song. The most miserable little hut looks like a conservatory. These huts (of wood in this section of the country) are set, not in a clearing, but right in among and under tall, healthy banana trees, whose long, straight leaves look like the perfect feathers of some magnificent bird. And around the huts are coffee vines, for the bananas are primarily for the purpose of shading the vines. Over one corner of the hut climbs a crimson lake bougainvillea; at an other there is a hibiscus, taller than the dwelling, with unbelievably large, brilliant double blossoms. At one side of the door is a red leaved, pink bloomed begonia. And covering the entire front of the hut are tin cans, from each of which grows ferns of every variety—that is every delicate, dainty variety. And if I saw a huge fat sow come waddling out of the door, I didn't mind, for what wouldn't I put up with to live in such a paradise of bright flowers, unending green foliage, and warm nights?

The railway station, too, is a place of delight, and I was only glad when the train was a half hour late, for the vendors there are enough to keep me interested and excited for days on end. Of course there are the usual type, those who sell melons, limes, bananas of a half a dozen varieties, sweet yellowish-green skinned oranges, and various other fruits; but the ones who really held my attention are the flower vendors. How can I give a picture of that dingy, dirty little station with its crowd of basket and bundle beladen Indianos waiting for the train, its swarm of fruit and flower vendors crouched under the cars on the siding to get out of the sun and keep their wares fresh, its fragrance of gardenias and jasmine, its color of wild thunburgia, huge

deep rose morning glories, and scarlet hibiscus growing at the edge of the tracks opposite the station building, and towering over all, seeming at the end of the tracks, Pico de Orizabo gleaming white and majestic in the morning sun before we went back to bed under a blanket of blue-grey clouds at ten o'clock? The less ingenious of the flower vendors had simple bouquets of gardenias or gardenias stuck into a half of a green skinned grapefruit; the more ingenious had "floral pieces" of gardenias attached to a large heart shaped leaf, about fifteen inches long, mounted on a stick, or a small basket completely covered, inside and out, with gardenias. Some had introduced a hibiscus blossom or a bougainvillea bloom for a spot of color. But the loveliest was the bamboo box. The vendors take a section of green bamboo, cut at the joint, fit a sliding cover over the top where they have made a wide incision, and fill the box with white and shell pink camellias or with gardenias—and there is no setting in the world more perfect for the crisp, cool blossoms than the pale pinkish yellow of green bamboo. Nor is there a more practical one, for the gardenias remain fresh in their moist box for nearly a week. And one of these boxes of gardenias or camellias—or a bouquet or a "floral piece"—costs the dazed tourist all of twenty-five centavos, just seven cents American money! I firmly refused to buy any, not even a spray of five tawny orchids (which were also twenty-five centavos) or the mariposa lilies which grow wild in the mountains and are even sweeter smelling than the gardenia, saying that I was returning in the evening and would buy then. But the little girls, more enterprising than the men or the old women and refusing to be put off, threw blossoms into the train window as we pulled out of the station and of course received more coins, which we threw back them, than had they made a legitimate sale. So for the remainder of the day I wore on my little cotton traveling dress, a corsage of gardenias, bound with hair pins, that was more like a breast plate than a corsage. The Mexicans re-

garded me with amusement, the Americans with envy, but I was happy.

But what made me unhappy to my very toes were the plants. What a garden I could have, how my flower loving friends would fawn on me if only I could have brought some of those plants home! One gardenia plant would be too little to sell, so they make bunches of four, carefully balled and very healthy looking, of gardenia, camellia, hibiscus, and Grand Duke Jasmine plants; and all four plants, or any combination of them you choose, is but seventy-five centavos. I believe firmly in the value of international and state agricultural regulations, but when I saw such large, clean looking plants for such a price, my social instincts deserted me entirely and I was ready to turn smuggler. No doubt I would have had I thought I could get away with it.

An article on the flowers of Mexico would soon turn into a book, if one had free range. The wild flowers are not different in species than those which we know here, but are often different in color: maroon birds of paradise; yellow and scarlet wild dahlias; magenta marsh violets with stems the same color as the blossom; wild sage, pentstemon, and morning glories in every shade of blue, lavender, and rose-lavender, and purple; scarlet runner beans that are rose colored instead of scarlet; and of course fields of wild cosmos and banks of wild white and yellow thunbergia. And the jungles, so vine filled that one can see no tree trunk, no rock, no bit of ground, and so thick that I always felt that if the car should go off the grade we could fall comfortably into that mattress of green a thousand feet below without injury—the jungles entice a writer to pages of description. And the trees, especially those in Mexico City proper, are enough to make even a dull city—and Mexico is not dull—glamorous. The modest street on which we lived had four rows; the park a block away had more jacarandas than I had ever seen in my life; and the cypress in Chapultepec Park had more personality than many people I have met. Yes,

Your Water Pool

By BERTHA M. THOMAS

The Water Lily leaves have begun to turn yellow and the blooms not so numerous except on the Tropical kinds. They always stay with us until well into our so-called winters and some of them until near spring. This year the Tropicals have been exceptionally generous and we believe one reason was because of their long continued and very strenuous resting spell last winter, which kept them dormant later than usual but they work on Union Scale, hence are now making up time—then in addition to that fact the warm days and nights we are just going through are just what they love. And they are bringing us an unusual number of seed pods—the Viviporous kinds also growing more and stronger new leaflets. Experience shows that the hardy varieties start blooming earlier—hence they quit earlier.

Any time through November and December we have found it better to divide and replant them rather than wait until early spring—there are two reasons, the first is that the weather is more pleasant for outside work, the second (and better) reason is that the roots get established during the supposedly dormant months and are thus ready to begin blooming earlier in spring.

The Water Hawthorne and the large flowered Marsh Marigold are already starting new growth for their winter blooming season—even showing and intermingling their white and yellow blooms which will keep your pool alive with color all winter. Give them well fertilized soil—same as for lilies. Hawthorne does best in deep water while Marigold does much better in about 4 to 6 inches, but also wants part shady situation and both plants need plenty of root room. Both are inexpensive and will pay liberally for their room and board while the lilies are resting, and then give up their space as the lilies begin growing next spring.

the Mexicans love flowers, and the Americans who love flowers love the Mexicans.

New Fuschias . . and Old

By BERTHA M. THOMAS

Some of the new ones are so beautiful that words can scarcely describe them (at least to a Fuchsia enthusiast). Size can be measured but colors and their variations cannot be closely defined and in this particular class of plants "seeing is believing" is the only way to say it.

The new Cascade was so gorgeous we marveled. Then we received some new ones from the Bay regions which equal it. At the Berkeley Horticultural display and the California Horticultural Society show lately held, the new ones were highly praised and will be soon available for all. Our near neighbor, Hugh Evans of Santa Monica, has one especially fine one, Brentwood—and our Fuchsia Society President Mrs. W. H. Ware has a very beautiful one named for her. It resembles Cascade but is more highly colored. She sent us a cutting—with blooms—so if Lady Luck stays with us we will soon have a plant—several others of the new ones were also received. And to a Fuchsia Crank a new Fuchsia is of the same importance as a new baby in the family.

One which is not new but is not commonly grown is President Gosselli. We have one which is 3 feet high and its crowning beauty is in the leaves—very large—velvety green, with deep red mid-ribs, and long tubular red blossoms. It is also the only known deciduous one of the family—the next year's plants springing from nodules on the roots. It makes a splendid specimen plant—well worth its board and lodging.

One called Mrs. Snyder—our Cherry—is a very handsome semi-double rose color with light pink sepals. It is so fresh and dainty in appearance, very vigorous and a continual bloomer.

And along with Gypsy Queen, Vincent De Jindes, the President, and all the double blues, mix in the white ones—Mrs. Gladstone, Dainty Lady, Floion De Neige, White Beauty and 20 others to pick from for large bloom—and put in Mrs. Hill for generous growth and

quantity of dainty small flowers.

But please do not neglect or diminish your care just because some are approaching their dormant season. The roots retain the strength for next years' growth and a dormant season is very short, if they are kept vigorous.

Fuschias Have Their Day

By CORALINN B. TUTTLE

Yes, Fuschias had their big day at the September meeting of the California Horticulture Society in San Francisco. As that master of all masters of ceremonies, President Sidney Mitchell said as he opened the meeting: "If I were a Fuchsia I would be very happy today."

In the short hundred years since their introduction, a thousand or more varieties have been developed from the few plants growing in most of California's pioneer gardens and in European countries. Most of them seemed to be represented at the meeting.

On long tables stretching down each side of the hall, were laid carefully named specimen sprays of the different types which include species, singles, seedlings, doubles, hybrids, and trailers. These were kept remarkably fresh by frequent applications of water from a garden spray.

After feasting our eyes on the specimen exhibits, the meeting was called to order exactly on the minute scheduled and Mr. Mitchell introduced the first speaker Miss Alice Greenwood, secretary of the Fuchsia Society, famous botanist, who gave one of her stimulating talks. There is something so vital about her that she makes one, even though a simple layman, get a thrill from her story of the botanical background of plants. She gave a historical review of the fuchsia, giving the names and dates of many of the introductions. Of interest is the fact that the fuchsia belongs to the family Onagraceae and is related to the Evening Primrose and Sundrops, Godetias, Clarkias.

Following Miss Eastwood came several interesting talks among them—one by Dr. Laken and Victor Reiter, two earnest young men who are doing remarkable things in

the growing and producing of interesting plants. Dr. Laken gave a comprehensive talk on hybridizing and as an example of his endeavors showed a lovely basket of his famous production, Cascade. George Budgeon of the Berkeley Horticulture Nursery, who was one of the first nurserymen to co-operate with Sidney Mitchell in reviving old and propagating new fuschias for commercial distribution, spoke on his favorite varieties. Among the singles he named Alice Hoffman, red and white good for pot culture, Aurora Superba, orange, beautiful but not strong grower, Aviator, red and white, Brilliant red and purple, Brutus free grower, Countess of Aberdeen exquisite pale pink and white flowers, Display an old variety known in gardens under other names pink, Heron-white and vermillion, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Rundel one of the oldest introductions but very good, Rose of Denmark introduced from England, and Imperial Evans, a Hugh Evans introduction.

His favorite trailers are Cascade, Meteor, valuable for leaf color, Balkon, free grower, Marinka, Lee and Covent Garden.

Doubles of great beauty were Blue Gown, Danube Blue, old but grand, Fascination, Mauve Beauty, Pink Pearl, Pride of Exeter, Rolla, Royal Purple, Julius, Olympia, a new orange, Grenadier, Madame Carnot, Suzanne asquier, Clare de Lune and Mrs. Gillian Brown, an English importation.

He displayed some lovely hybrids from Hugh Evans in Santa Monica all beautiful and interestingly named—Glendale, Westwood, Beverly Hills, and an almost pure white called Brentwood.

Miss Cora Brant then showed some hybrids from Hazzards of Pacific Grove among them Scintillation, Fra Alberta, Stanford, Willow Leaf, George Barr, Pavlova, Mrs. W. H. Ware, Harlequin, Peggy O' Day and others.

Adding more to the festivity of the occasion was the presence of the National President of the Fuchsia Society, Mrs. W. H. Ware.

It would be well if program chairman of every garden club in California could attend at least one

meeting a year of the California Horticulture Society.

Probably no place in the world does there exist such a group and their meetings would set a fine example for a garden club to follow.

Here amateur gardeners, scientists, horticulturists, nurserymen, and laymen meet in an atmosphere of beauty and intellectual stimulation. Each meeting is a veritable flower show of interesting blooms and plants brought in by members. Large collections of rare shrubs and flowers are brought from Golden Gate Park by Eric Walther and his fine young assistants. It is a treat to see and hear these enthusiastic men display and describe the specimens. The University of California Botanical Garden always sends a collection and new plant introductions are shown by leading nurserymen from all over the State.

Talks are short, informative and diversified. On the same program a profound lecture on chromosomes will be followed by a gay informal talk on some interesting plant. Always beaming on us is Sidney Mitchell who never allows a dull moment to intervene. He has proved that garden clubs should not be cluttered up with business affairs but should be a place where garden and flower lovers can grow mentally and spiritually. Perfection is the goal, mediocrity is abhorred and with such a group in existence California gardens should be excelled by none in the world.

THE SMALL GARDEN

(Continued from Page 3)

another?), balance, either symmetrical, or a symmetrical and repetition."

Mr. Hoyt talked about hedges mentioning abelia as a particularly informal one, ground covers and sprawling shrubs, and plants in tubs and pots. Fragrance in the garden he said was particularly important. For rock gardens he suggested we use more of the plants found in similar gardens of the Northwest and not quite so many succulent plants.

Lastly Mr. Hoyt spoke of the suggestive aspects of design, the use of the picturesque and the enlivening factors: light, movement and sound.

November Notes

By Carolyn Ladd Lukehart

Mrs. Carolyn Ladd Lukehart, writer of the following articles is a newcomer to our pages. She has had one year of training in a florist shop, was manager of the Florists Exchange, and has been with the Horticulture Department, Whitney's for past three years.

November is still considered a month for lilies, and bulbs: anemones, ranunculus, freesias, daffodils, hyacinths, tulips and iris.

One of the prettiest sights is a bed of daffodils. Try King Alfred and Olympia; the latter is rather new and considered a longer lasting cut flower. Arrange your flower beds carefully. Put the tallest in the back with a colorful border of rainbow freesias in front. Incidentally the rainbow mixture with a little maiden hair fern makes a beautiful luncheon centerpiece.

I have had many inquiries regarding gladiolus bulbs. They can be planted now, but it is just as well to wait until January or February, they will produce floral spikes just as soon.

December and January are close at hand so begin to think about your rose garden. Those that are inclined to have mildew and rust, replace with the resisting types. According to the Farm Bureau's experiments, rust is one of the hardest diseases to cure. The bushes should be defoliated, that is, take off the infected leaves, and spray the balance of the bush with a good fungicide. If this doesn't help, take out the bush and replace it with another. I have never had a rose that has given me as much pleasure as the Ville de Paris. It is a yellow rose and a sport of the Golden Emblem. The stems are long and sturdy with a glossy large foliage. The bud is firm and when full blown is one of the prettiest double yellow roses.

Beautiful new homes have sprung up everywhere in the past two years. Much time and money have been spent on shrubbery and lawns. Now we are finding brown spots in these new lawns. These become larger and larger. If your lawn is Kentucky Blue grass and White Clover, you will find that the clover in these spots seems to live on, but the blue grass is brown and dead. Do a little investigating and make a cross section cut of one of the brown spots

and lay the corners back. Very likely you will find a worm or one in a cocoon stage which later hatches into a little moth, commonly known as the lawn moth. Maybe you have noticed them flying over your lawn in the evening. An application of lead arsenate, one half pound to one hundred square feet, and water immediately is the remedy. Possibly you may not find anything when making your cross section, in that case, use semesan, for a fungus condition exists.

"The gardener is no better than his hoe unless he is a man of iron." Now that our garden takes on a new transformation, much work must be done. Pick your tools with great care. Steel tools are made for work. A small steel spade with an 18-inch steel handle and a four prong fork make turning soil a lady's job. Weeds simply disappear under the oval hoe and pointed hoe, and the two and four tine cultivators loosen the soil as carefully as any tender plant could ask. When pruning is to be done and grass to clip, use a product of good quality of any standard make. Get your garden under way at once with steel tools, they make short work of garden troubles and can be will-ed to your grand children.

MISS K. O. SESSIONS HONORED

On Monday evening November 8th the community of Pacific Beach is having a dinner gathering at the Brown Military Academy to celebrate the 50th year since Pacific Beach was first settled.

Also the meeting will honor our foremost citizen Miss K. O. Sessions who has contributed so much to the horticultural development of this section. Miss Sessions started her first nursery 52 years ago in Coronado, later moving to San Diego and now for some time located in Pacific Beach.

The speakers for the evening are Mr. Geo. W. Marston, Mr. Julius Wagenheim and Senator Leroy Wright. Please secure dinner tickets in advance. They are available in San Diego at Ward's Typewriter Shop, 1065-7th ave. In Pacific Beach they may be secured from Mrs. Diamond, 1245 Garnet st. D. K., Pacific Beach.

Ornamental Shrubs The Pruning of

By REGINALD HALL

The pleasing effect of shrubbery or tree planting must be maintained by proper pruning. In using shears on any plant it is important to realize that there is a definite balance between the shrub or tree we see and the root system. By cutting out a large amount of healthy wood from a shrub whose natural form is tall the result will be that the roots will throw out a number of unsightly suckers in an attempt to recover that balance. Always bear in mind the natural growth of a plant. A fifteen foot shrub can be kept down to five feet but it can never be done satisfactorily. With this in mind begin to shape your plant material from the time it is first put out.

Pruning is the removal of any part of a shrub—leaves, small branches, main limbs or even a part of the root system. To prune a healthy tree or shrub spend a few moments looking at the subject itself and its relation to the general planting. If only a thinning effect is necessary remember to make all cuts at a fork, or lateral, of any branches which are out of balance. If a shrub is too tall begin cutting out the highest growth. Do not make all cuts the same distance from the ground but at varying distances in the upper quarter of the plant. If a shrub is too wide, use a similar method which, if done correctly, should require a quite close inspection to learn that any pruning had been done for all the cuts should be hidden by foliage. If at any time you are doubtful about cutting a branch, leave it, and return later and it may be easier to decide what to do. It is easy to cut out but it takes a long time to replace a branch that should have been left.

A "good pruning" is not judged by the amount of healthy wood that has been cut and hauled away but by the immediate and after effects of the subjects pruned. Only too often we see a mass of good growth cut out by the truck load leaving the sheared, mutilated plants stand-

ing waist high. Shrubbery should look like shrubbery at all times and not like a collection of hat racks for three months and a mass of sucker growth for the balance of the year.

The time to prune is, of course, all the time. The frequent use of the hand shears will keep the subject in best possible shape. A reasonably good thumb-rule is to prune spring flowering shrubs after flowering and fall blooming shrubs after flowering except where spring flowers mean fall berries. With the berry bearing shrubs consider the pruning of the plant as you cut the branches for indoor use. Another general rule is to prune when the plant is most dormant.

No pruning at all is better than bad pruning. If a shrub is never touched with a knife there will be a crowding and over growth but at least the plant will look natural. If it is badly pruned it may take three or four years of proper care to again get the desired pleasing effect.

There are many kinds of tools for pruning ranging from a knife to a fifteen foot tree-trimmer but for general use a good pair of hand shears and a small saw of the Pomona pattern will be found satisfactory.

OCTOBER MEETING

Mrs. Greer announced at the last meeting that the annual Chrysanthemum show will be held Saturday afternoon and Sunday, October 30th and 31st from 10 to 5. The show will be held in the gardens of the Arthur Marston home, 3575 7th street. The garden is particularly suited to this type of show being supplied with many trees for shelter. There will be the same classes as last year with one additional class for the arrangement of seed pods and weeds.

A suggestion was made by our president that we keep the Floral Association Building open each Sunday from 2 to 5 to make the library available to those who may be interested.

A petition from Mrs. Jerome Lanfield was read. Mrs. Lanfield is president of the garden club of Napa and she feels that a special building should be provided at the

state fair grounds in Sacramento for flower exhibitions.

Dr. Ralph Roberts of Pacific Beach announced November 8th as the date for the Pacific Beach Golden Jubilee at which time Miss Sessions will be the honored guest.

A sum of \$55.87 has been collected to date for the dishes to replace those that were stolen from the building. The order has been placed for the dishes and it is hoped the small remaining sum needed will soon be forthcoming.

Mr. Roland Hoyt was introduced as the speaker. An account of his talk appears elsewhere in this issue.

Trees

(Continued from Page 2)

the requirements are first the California Live Oak, second the small leaved evergreen Chinese Elm—*Ulmus Parvifolia*, *Metrosideros tomentosa*, the New Zealand Christmas tree, with small red flowers in the summer time and *Tipuna speciosa* from Brazil with yellow flowers in May. For a deciduous tree the European Sycamore is a fast and large grower, but not quite so spreading as the evergreens listed.

Ornamental trees for the lawn that grow more erect and columnar and all their branches left on from the ground up are the mountain native trees *Librocedus decurrens* or incense cedar, *Pinus Canariensis*, *Cedrus deodara*, *Podocarpus Elongatus*, the African Yew, not so long in cultivation but a fast and fine grower. Either the first or the last one might be called choice. All of these trees need only one central stem and perfectly erect in growth and all branches left on but their length kept in harmony with the height of the main stem by a light nipping of the ends only.

One of the chief charms of gardening is directing the growth of plants and a fine specimen tree is always enjoyed and admired.

EROSION—Wind and water erosion of our rich top soil costs the American people the vast sum of \$400,000,000 a year. In our own small way we can practice the principles of soil conservation in our own gardens.

1021, Meade Ave.
San Diego, Calif.
11th September, 1937

The Secretary,
San Diego Floral Association,

Dear Madam:

On the first of this month reference was made in the San Diego Union to plans for a five-year program of constructive community development, providing for the expenditure of about \$10,000,000. In this program is mentioned important street improvements and the purpose of this letter is to enquire whether these improvements include beautification of the streets with trees; if not, it seems to me that this is a matter which the San Diego Floral Association might take up with the organization which is planning the program, namely the local Chamber of Commerce. It is to the advantage of the San Diego Floral Association to promote in every possible way the beautification of San Diego and representations by such an Association are far more likely to carry weight than those put forward by an individual or a small group of people representing no special organization. It is quite possible, of course, that the Chamber of Commerce has already some tree planting scheme in mind; in the San Diego Union of 3rd inst., there is a report of an address made to the Rotary Club by the manager of special events

department of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. D. W. Campbell; in this address, reference is made to the trees which beautify New England states and their highways and towns and cities in particular—this was noted by Mr. Campbell in a recent tour of Atlantic seaboard states, where he studied the methods in use there to get visitors.

If any attempt to beautify San Diego streets, in the manner suggested, is thought feasible by your Association and/or the Chamber of Commerce, I would urge that each street be lined with one, and not several kinds of trees; that is, one street to have cocos palms (and no other kind of palm); another street, carob trees; another street, a variety of pittosporums, and so on. The present aspect of San Diego streets, with its mixture of many different kinds of trees in each street, gives no dignity or charm; they compare very unfavorably, for example, with those of Riverside, with its noble avenues of peppers and other trees—the vista, however, in each of these avenues being that of one kind of tree only.

If some similar scheme is planned for San Diego, it should also be borne in mind and arrangements made to carefully attend to the needs and appearance of the trees; the deplorable condition of many San Diego street trees, starved, improperly pruned, twisted or bent

out of correct position and otherwise ill treated, is positively painful to behold—at least, to any true lover of Nature. Trusting that your Association will see its way to take up this matter, if it has not already received consideration.

Yours faithfully,
Vivian M. Sale.

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